

Lawgivers of Essex Market.

WAYS OF THE BARRISTERS
BEYOND THE BOWERY.

The New York Bar Association meets once a month and has its code of ethics. The Essex Bar Market Association meets every day, including Sundays and holidays—and has its code of ethics.

Members of the New York Bar Association often collect a fortune for a single fee. Members of the Essex Bar Market Association have been known to try a case for a drink—but that was on a cold day.

Take a Second Avenue elevated train any morning of these brief November days and get off at Grand street, about the hour when the sun, rising above the housetops, is chasing the fog out of the Ghetto, eastward to Essex street and turn the corner to the left and you will be in time to see the Essex Market barristers assembling on the steps of the court house.

THE PICKET LINE.

Whether you approach the dusky drab old prison by that route or any other, you

will have to pass the lines of a vigilant company of scouts, pickets, outrunners and pullers-in, ready to challenge and take captive anything and anybody that looks like a client. Every corner, every alley, is guarded.

It isn't against the ethics of Essex Market

there are sparkling in that gleaming headlight, riveted fast in Rosey's shirt front an inch and a half above the hole that the shirtmaker bored for it? How many more are represented in the dapper white waistcoat and the huge yellow cable that stretches from one pocket to another

ROSEY THE LAWYER.

come, as I was sayin', he'd always travel the river.

POKER GAME WITH
A ROMANCE IN IT.

It Was Played on a Mississippi Steamboat Long Ago and a Minister Saw Fair Play.

"Tain't no use, I reckon," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi River packet, City of Natchez, "if anybody what ain't spent a heap o' time on the river, try to understand what the Mississippi really is."

"I've heerd' some o' them high-falootin' talkers call it 'The Father of Waters,' an' while there don't seem to be no great sense into a name like that, I don't know but what it's a tolerable good name after all. I reckon there ain't no river on earth that's just like it. Leastways, I never heerd' on it, if there is, an' most likely I'd heerd' some talk on it, if there was."

"Tain't so much that it's big. O' course, it is big, but that ain't it. An' tain't so much that it's pretty, though there be places along the upper river as is prettier in any chromo. I ever seen, speak of a moonlight night when the little waves is dancin' an' shinin' like sparklers in a gambler's shirt, an' the great glare o' the boat's headlight shines along the cliffs."

"Some o' them big cliffs up there looks a thousand feet high when you sail along under 'em an' the moon is right overhead. But tain't the beauty on it, though there's beauty to burn."

"Pears like there was some kind of a Voodoo spell cast on the old Mississippi long afore white men ever seen it, an' it's a hangin' over it yet. An' there's mighty few people travels the river without feelin' queer magic, whether they know it or not. Even if a man only takes one trip down I'm sayin' St. Louis or Cairo to New Orleans, he's likely to do things afore he gets off'n the boat what he wouldn't never do to home. An' if he travels it often there ain't no tellin' what he may do."

"There was one old gentleman that used to take a trip reg'lar twice a year. He was a Roue clean to St. Paul and back, was along to the way. He was a preacher when I knowed him, an' used to preach in a little 'Piscopal Church back in the country somewhere, but they told that when he was a young man he was about the wildest young blade in New Orleans."

"He come o' the best family, of one o' the best, in Louisiana, an' was as rich as most any o' 'em, but he wa'n't no credit to 'em 'count o' bein' a gambler, an' a tolerable hard drinker besides, an' havin' other failins that nobody talked about. His name was Courtier, an' he was a handsome old feller when I knowed him, with black eyes an' snow white hair, an' a high-mighty way with him that made him look seven foot high. They said he was more stroun' fine looking when he was a young man, an' were the devil with women."

"Pears he fell in love with a Creole gal that wa'n't quite up to the mark o' the best Creole families, an' there were a terrible mix-up somehow. I never got the rights of it, but she died, an' she died, an' he was preachin', which were the last thing anybody that knowed him thought he'd do but he did it."

"He was a good enough preacher, too, 's fur 's I ever knowed, an' folks said he were well liked at home, but 'pears he'd got restless about once in so often an' he'd have to get away an' when them spelle



ROSEY THE LAWYER.

across the isthmus of Rosey's waistband. How many prosperous pleadings flash on those agile fingers as they wave with frantic eloquence before the Magistrate sitting inside?

Those things are milestones and monuments of a long career, for the black has turned to gray in many a hair and whisker since Rosey came to Essex street. How he keeps the silver streaks out of his own wave poll is his own secret, but certain it is that night itself is not darker than his curling locks.

Not far from Rosey and not far behind him in the profession is the Hon. J. Choate Pearlman, secretary of the association and sure to be its president if he outlives



Rosey; but that's a question, and anyhow it's a long way off.

Joe Levy, the Duke of Essex street, is in the group, close by his partner, the Hon. J. Choate Pearlman. Not a lawyer himself is the Duke, but a mighty limb of the law, and he would be a real money-maker if he were to say which member has contributed more to the renown and success of the firm—the Duke who grabs the clients, like a cat on a sash, or the Hon. J. Choate who invokes justice for them with the voice and front of Jupiter himself.

THE LINCOLN INN OF ESSEX STREET. Look across the way to the grim old brick row that shields from Grand to Broome streets, and behold the offices of Rosey and the Hon. J. Choate Pearlman, and some of the other greater lights of Essex street. That they are all attorneys and counselors-at-law must surely be true, for the fact is stated not only in English, which has a limited vogue in the neighborhood, but also in pure Hebrew, Yiddish, Polish, German and other tongues blown to these shores on the eastern winds.

But offices in business are more or less extensive. Come back to the steps of the court house and you will find the office of many an Essex Market barrister resting on top of his head to keep off the chilly wind.

If he has much respect for his profession, it will be made of silk, though it need not necessarily have come from the factory more recently than the year 1879. Many a law practice thrives and supports a prodigious family with other offices of some kind, the headgear of the practitioner.

THE CLIENTS. But the clients are coming. Rosey has his and the Hon. J. Choate Pearlman has his. They are coming in a steady stream, runners have been driving them in, those who are still at large, and the court officers have rounded up another bunch inside, fresh from a trial in the cells.

It's a cash transaction, that takes place, like he was thinkin' of some other things he'd did.

"Then he said, 'You see, Cale, I knowed this here L'Estrange's people when he were a little boy, but he don't know nothin' about that. He's a fine lad, Cale, a little bit of a feller, but no great harm in him.'"

"Then it come to me all of a sudden that that Creole gal I'd heerd' about was L'Estrange's wife, and as Mr. Courtier didn't say nothin' more, I come out an' shut the door, leavin' him still smilin' to himself."

BOON AT A MILLION TO ONE. A Strange Happening When His Owner Was Backing Him for Only \$3.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. They had been speaking of rather marvellous things in a betting way, big winnings and big losses, the old-time race courses of the country, how they had won and lost fortunes and all that sort of thing.

"That reminds me of John King's story of the bet he made in Ireland," said one of the group, "and for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with King I want to say he is no myth. John King is a real live, pulsing man, and his home is in west Tennessee. He is a native of Jackson, but Jackson was too slow for him, and he began to roam the country. He was never a very poor man except on the occasion when I have in mind, and the wheel of fortune turned the right way for him at a critical moment in his history. I heard him tell the story one night in Memphis when a crowd of fellows about stung and losses very much like you boys are doing now. As I remember the story, John King, told it this way:

"I was down in my luck," he said, "and had gone to the cloth on an old steamer. I was racing around at the different tracks. I couldn't win anything. I was just a poor devil. But I had a horse named 'The Wonder' and I was sure to win. I went to the track and entered my horse for the last time. Of course, I stood about stung and losses very much like you boys are doing now. As I remember the story, John King, told it this way:

wherever possible. No sum is too small and none too large to enlist the interest of the learned barristers. And if there's no money to be had, an overcoat, a ring, a watch and chain, anything that is negotiable at a pawnshop, will not be despised.

Rosey has not forgotten the day long ago when he, defending a man accused of stealing a chicken, took the food for a fee and left on storage in Silver Dollar Smith's icebox, and, returning for it later, found that it had passed beyond the state where it could be kept or safely be used for human nourishment. But the men who can stick Rosey with bad chickens or plugged coin are rare. There is no other similar case on record.

"Hats off in Court." The judge is on the bench. Here comes a woman who has been fined \$10 for disorderly conduct. She doesn't understand much English and is about to go to jail because she doesn't realize that she may keep out of it by paying \$10. "Give it to me, my lady, and I get you out on de writ!"

"What? writ?" "Seffer miks de \$20, pays de woman's fine and pockets de balance." Another prisoner is accused of stealing a watch. See it in the picture in Rosey's elegant south pav.

Morris Blumenthal thought that was his case. His runner was in the police station when the man was arrested and Morris was engaged as counsel. But Rosey's runner has seen the prisoner's family meanwhile.

"All right, take him," says Rosey. "I've got der dollar and a half!" and he has. Morris has the client, and Rosey has the fee. You will observe, too, that Rosey has the watch.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT. There are contingent fees, too, in Essex Market. Here is a small shopkeeper up for a box of soap. It is \$50 to his counsel if he goes clear, nothing if he is held for trial.

The complainant witness has counsel, too, and for him it's only \$5 in any event, and he has the \$5 already.

What can these pure doctors of the law be plotting together about so confidentially? And how comes it that the case against the defendant suddenly halts and staggers and falls down from sheer weakness, and the prisoner at the bar is released while the man who says he is robbed is sent off with the wrath of the Court ringing in his ears?

Can it be that the seaman court reporter suggests, that counsel for the defense has agreed to divide that \$50 with counsel for the plaintiff? Well, if it is so, it will be a scandal about it in the Essex Market Bar Association.

So they clear the calendar. All the morning and afternoon of the day the members of the Essex Market Bar Association are ready for their consulting clients. Go over to their office and have a look at the copious equipment.

Where came those sheepskins? You may recognize the law school mentioned in that parchment.

How singular! It cost the learned counsel as much as \$40 to get that certificate of professional fitness, and the course he took at the law school on the Hudson may have lasted as long as ten days. Strange you have never heard of it.

What a vast collection of law books! Was there ever a Fish and Game Commission report or a charter year book that didn't find its way to these shelves?

CITING A PRECEDENT. Your Fast Sister is a great litigator. Let the wind of a trolley car blow off his hat and he wants "damages."

"Here it is! Read it for yourself!" exclaims Isidor. "A case just like yours, and I got my client \$1,000 damages."

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Pickpockets' Reserve Fund that hires the lawyer. It's the Pickpockets' Reserve Fund that goes to the robbed man and says: "Here, take back your watch and \$50 to boot and fail to identify him."

And it's the robbed man, thus bribed, who goes to court the next morning, and with a great rubbing of hands and elevating of shoulders says: "I couldn't say it was been done."

If there is any one around the court who remembers a case in which such a thief was convicted he isn't known to the other old hands who gather at the bar there every day.

DIPLOMAS. Then the members of the bar are ready for their consulting clients. Go over to their office and have a look at the copious equipment.

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MEN GOING TO CHURCH MORE.

And How They Are Being Welcomed by the Pastors and the Deacons. The men are going to church more than they used to do and are met by the church authorities with open arms, figuratively if not literally. A certain church which attracts a good many men outsiders to its services is giving week-night social functions which are calculated to bring the masculine waifs and strays together and cement bonds of interest.

Musicals and lectures on stirring subjects are arranged. Private invitations to the minister's home are extended in some instances. And one church has a series of dinners planned whereat the young men strangers to the city or to church-going ways, may have a chance to share the benefits of cheerful intercourse under inviting conditions.

This eagerness with which the prospective men converts are welcomed and encouraged in contrast with the somewhat lukewarm interest taken in the casual woman worshiper, reminds one of the women of the decree that there shall be more rejoicing over the one sinner that repenteth and turneth from his wickedness than over the ninety and nine that have been good all the time and are already safe.

Last Sunday night after service, the minister of one of the churches that is making a special appeal to men, took his post near the entrance door of the centre aisle to greet the outgoing congregation. He is a man of striking personality, he preached a strong sermon and many of the women parishioners and casual visitors also were plainly anxious to shake hands with him and have a word bestowed on them.

But he passed them along with only the briefest nod to reach over with outstretched hand and say: "Glad to see you, sir," to every man who passed. Most of the casual male visitors looked surprised at the courtesy and some almost embarrassed. "Come on, let's go," said a merry-faced girl who, with a woman friend, had been waiting in one of the pews. "It's the men they're making up to, women don't count in a congregation like they're the usual thing. But when men come to church it's time to take a notice."



THE MORNING ROUND-UP.

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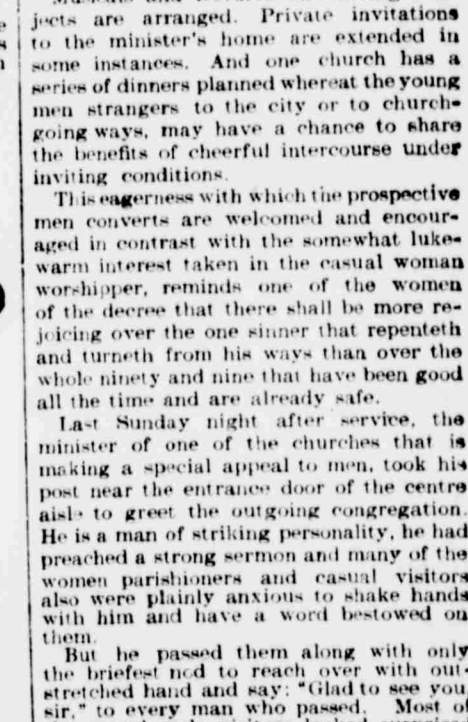
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CAN THIS BE A BURGALAR?

who have been heard pleading in the old court for a generation back.

"Why," said one of the Grand street lawyers the other day, "I once saw Joseph H. Choate and Edward M. Shepard practice at this here bar, which is plenty good enough English for Essex Market."

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& SONS

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